

Here We Stand

by Spooky Jr

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Here We Stand

TITLE: Here We Stand

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addy attached.

>SPOILER WARNING: SUZ. Before "Closure"
RATING: PG

>CLASSIFICATION: VA

>SUMMARY: Fill in the blanks for SUZ. Takes place before
Closure aired. Scully's POV.

>FEEDBACK: Is cherished! It'll only take a minute, please
let me know what you think.

>SPECIAL THANKS: To my editor Melinda. You rock!

>
Without further ado...

>
"Here We Stand"

>by Spooky Jr.

>

>I stand beside him now, my hand, small and comforting,
clutches his.

>
We stand here together, alone. Side by side we take up

>silent vigil of the newly dug grave.

>The funeral ended for Tina Mulder almost a half
an hour ago and yet we still stand.

>
We are mere inches from each other, but our thoughts

>couldn't be further away.

>Even with the faith of my beliefs, and the abiding
rule to forgive those who trespass against us, I shall

>never forgive Tina Mulder for the emotional scars she
has left upon Mulder. Scars that will forever dig into

>his soul.

>I look at him and see the shell of a man that he once
was, so

alive and vibrant. The light that once shined
>off him so bright, now dulled into nothingness.

>I gently squeeze his hand in silent plea to please
leave. To
leave this grave that holds too much
>hurt. Too much despair and lies. I wish I could drive
Mulder away
forever. Drive him away from all this hurt
>and stop the emotional rollercoaster that he is on.

>When no recognition flashes across his face, I gently
begin to
speak.
>
"Mulder?"
>
He turns his head and his eyes lock with mine and I almost

>inaudibly gasp. There is so much hurt in those deep
hazel orbs
that it's drowned out the spark that once
>resided there.

>At that point my heart shatters and I swear I could
almost hear
the pieces as they crumbled.
>
"Let's go home Mulder," I say, turning and tugging lightly
>on his hand upon which I still hold.

>He nods, looking back once more at his mother's
grave before
retreating and following me away from the
>site.

>We make it to where the car is parked, ours being the
only one
remaining.
>
All the other's who had attended, which weren't that
>many, had long ago left. Went home and carried on with
their
lives. All but us. Mulder's life will never be the
>same and for that reason, neither will mine.

>The ride to Mulder's apartment is an uneventful one.
I glance at
every so often, but his position stays the
>same; staring numbly out the window, unseeing to the world

passing by before him.
>
Even as we arrive at his residence, he is oblivious to

>anything and everything. His body has become like an
automatic
robot, putting one foot in front of the other
>until we finally reach his door.

>I watch silently as he tries relentlessly to insert the key
into
the lock. The trembling of his hands making it almost
>impossible and I watch as once again the key slips and
nearly
falls from his grasp.
>
My hand glides over his, giving it a light squeeze. His

>shaking hand calms instantly and I gently pull the keys
from
him.
>
"It's ok," I tell him. God how much I wish it were.
>
I let us into the apartment and watch as he instantly
>heads for the couch and flops down heavily. Laying back
as if all
the strength had been stripped from him.
>
He leans forward resting his head in his hands. I stay
>back a few moments to give him some time alone.
Only when I hear
the slow shuddering sobs that emanate
>from him do I stride over there.

>His shoulders are quaking and the tears instantly well
up in my
eyes. I blink quickly to hold them back, I cannot
>breakdown. He needs me too much right now, I tell myself.

>I kneel down in front of him, resting on my knees right
in front
of his legs. My hands slowly glide up
>his arm, all the way up to his hands which still hold his
head.

>
I gently pry his hands away and lean up to kiss him
>tenderly on the forehead.

>He looks down at me, the same hurt still residing him
his eyes.

>
"Mulder, we'll get through this." I tell him softly.
>Those words sound so weak to my ears. So shallow and
I realize
that no words can just wipe away the pain.
>
He shakes his head slightly and I expected him to repeat
>the all too familiar words, 'she was trying to tell
me something.'
Instead he doesn't and says something
>that was very unexpected.

>"I can't take this anymore."

>Oh Mulder, I think, but only when he sighs and looks
at me do I
realize I have spoken aloud.
>
"I can't Scully. I just can't." And with those words
>the tears from his eyes begin to cascade down his
cheeks.

>
Almost automatically, I reach up and brush away
>the fallen tears and pull him to me. I wrap my arms
protectively
around his shaking form and hold him
>tight.

>This position feels all too familiar as the flash
of the night
before pops into my mind; me holding him
>as he cries on my shoulder.

>"Mulder," I whisper, my voice slightly distorted by the
collar
of his shirt. No response from him except more
>muffled sobs.

>I give up for the moment and opt for rubbing his back
in slow
circles, trying to give him some comfort. Some
>semblance of something to hold on to. His nerves
are like thin
shreds right now and at the moment
>I am grasping at them, grasping at something, anything to
keep
him from going over the edge. To keep him
>from falling into the dark abyss of despair and hopelessness.

>We sit, as time turns fluid and I no longer care to
keep track of
it. We sit silently as it passes us by
>mere minute by mere minute. I sit rocking him gently,
our
positions never changing.
>
"Mulder, look at me."
>
I say it gently, I need to break the silence that has
>passed between us.

>He looks at me, his eyes almost pleading. Pleading to answer
all
the questions stirring in his mind. Why'd she do it.
>Why couldn't she just tell him. His guilt forming heavily
on his
already hurting heart.
>
I change positions and sit down on the couch beside him, sliding

>my right arm behind his back and rest my head lightly
on his
shoulder.
>
I close my eyes for a few brief moments and I notice I am

>unconsciously rubbing his arm. I stop and lift my head
off his
shoulder, taking a good look at him.
>
He looks so weak right now, fragile and worn out.

>
"Mulder, why don't you go lay down?" I suggest.
>
He shakes his head no, "I can't sleep Scully."
>
His voice cracks on my name and the tears in my
>eyes that I thought I had gotten rid of are back.

>"Please try Mulder. For me, please try. Why don't you at
least
just lie back on the couch. You don't have to go to
>sleep, just lay down and relax."

>He nods slowly and I stand up in order to
give him room to lie
down. He stretches out on
>his back, the length of his frame taking up
the whole length of
the couch.
>
I softly sit down beside him on the couch,
>running my fingers through his hair. His eyes look
up and lock
with mine once again. I can see the sleep
>in his eyes and I can see his struggle to stay
awake even against
his feeble protests.
>
"Sleep Mulder," I whisper, running my thumb
>lightly over his forehead. His eyes close slowly,
his eye lashes
flutter as he relents and falls into
>slumber. He breathing almost instantly evens out and
his breaths
become slow and steady.
>
I lean down and give him a tender kiss on his forehead,

>whispering "sweet dreams," into his ear.

>
The End.
>
Feedback puuhlease! I really want to know
>what you all think. Also check out my webpage for
my other
stories. www.angelfire.com/scifi/spookyjr
>

>"20th Century Fox doesn't allow us to have writer's block.
It's
in our contract. And we are summarily executed upon
>display of any symptoms."
 --Chris Carter
>

End
file.